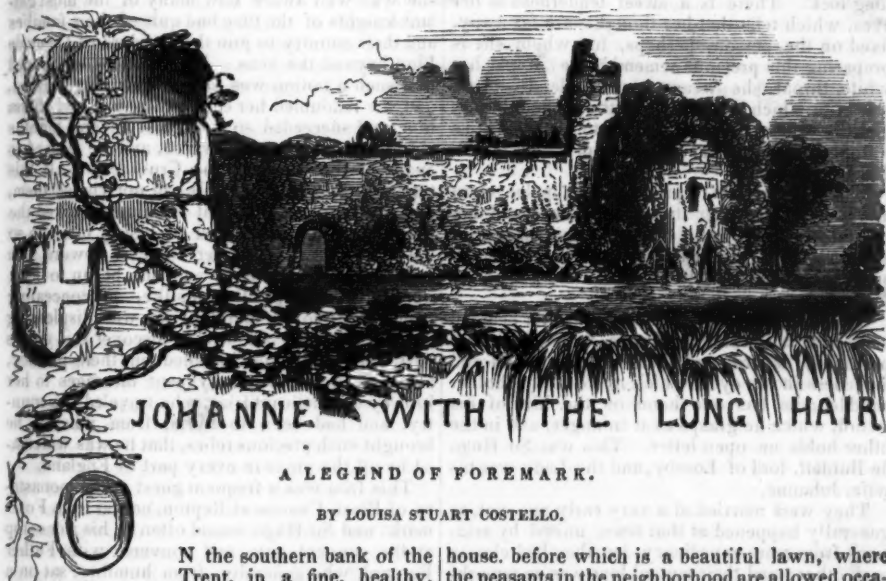


## THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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### JOHANNE WITH THE LONG HAIR

A LEGEND OF FOREMARK.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

On the southern bank of the Trent, in a fine, healthy, open and airy spot, celebrated by old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," as "peculiarly pleasant, wholesome and eligible," stands Foremark, the seat of the ancestors of Sir Francis Burdett for many generations, for the family is one of the oldest in England.

It is a handsome, grand and agreeable place, and some of the trees which surround it have "outlived the eagle;" there is in particular a long secluded walk between two rows of aged oaks, quite unrivaled in its kind; another grove of magnificent trees, formerly of much greater extent, Druidical in their antiquity, is a great ornament to the grounds.

The game is here in infinite abundance and particularly fine, and it would be more plentiful but for the lenity which has long encouraged poachers. It is beautiful to see the hares coursing along the lawns close to the windows, and the glittering and graceful pheasants tamely perched on the balustrades of the terraces. Everything has a calm, happy, contented and sequestered aspect, almost monastic; but it was not in this spot, but in Warwickshire, that the Priory of Ancoats was founded by an ancient possessor of this estate, in expiation of a crime, the particulars of which this legend recounts. Nor was it at the present house that he resided, but in one much more ancient, situated in a retired spot, now embosomed in a thick grove of oak and beech, and in the vicinity of fine woods. The spot is called Knowle Hills; and all that remains of the old building is now formed into a pleasure

house, before which is a beautiful lawn, where the peasants in the neighborhood are allowed occasionally to keep revel, and dance to the sound of gay music, making the woods re-echo.

"I have often," said an old man who shows the place, "lingered here when all were gone, and voice after voice had died away in distance, and enjoyed the perfect solitude of this spot, where usually not a sound is heard but the wind among the old trees, and the rustle of the ivy waving to and fro along the ancient wall, where you see that strange face carved, that seems as if it was looking over the battlements, watching what is going on. Some say, on moonlight nights the whole figure has been seen, and it looks like a knight in armor: it walks, with a stately step, all round his green, where once stood a tower, in which a great crime is said to have been committed, and it pauses at the little low door-way you see there, utters a deep sigh, and vanishes. I myself never saw any thing of the kind, but there were two very old women, who lived here once together, and took care of the ruins, and they used to hear and see strange things—chains rattling, and screams and groans that were awful. One of the old women died, and used to come back to the other, and tell wonderful secrets; so she said: but she went too, and since her time, I don't know how it is, but nothing out of the common ever happens."

There are a great many curious and interesting family pictures in Foremark House, and among others the portrait of a very beautiful lady is particularly attractive, both from its singularity and its beauty. She wears the costume of an early period, is covered with jewels, a long trans-

parent veil depending from her singular shaped head-dress; her dress is extremely rich, all velvet, silk, embroidery and precious stones. There are two other portraits of her, in different costumes: one represents her in an undress, occupied in winding her long rich hair round a reel: by her scissors being placed on the table beside her comb, it appears as if she were about to cut off a long lock. There is a sweet tenderness in her eyes, which tells that her thoughts are far away, fixed on the person, perhaps, for whom she is preparing this precious remembrance: round her white throat she wears a very slender black chain, to which is fastened a little cornelian ring, and the ends of the chain fall into her bodice, as if they sustained some other relic, which is hidden in her bosom.

The third portrait represents her, pale, worn and sad-looking—her dress disordered, and her hand resting on a skull. There is something very solemn about this last picture, and it seems to speak of a melancholy change in the person represented.

Opposite this frowns, from the wall, a bearded man, in a half-military costume, whose looks are peculiarly severe, and there is a wildness and fierceness in his eyes, which makes the beholder shudder: he has one hand on the hilt of his sword, which he grasps as if in anger, and in the other holds an open letter. This was Sir Hugo de Burdett, lord of Loseby, and the Lady was his wife, Johanne.

They were married at a very early age, not, as generally happened at that time, united by relations from mere expediency, but they had chosen each other; and their mutual love was so remarkable, both before and after their marriage, that they were cited and admired by all; and more than once the haughty heiress of Aquitaine would remark to her volatile husband, Henry II., "that there were few couples in his dominions who set so good an example as Sir Hugo and his Johanne." It would indeed have been difficult not to show tenderness to so charming a creature as Johanne was. The mind shone out in the bright soft violet eyes, for which she was celebrated, as well as for her peculiarly long and fine hair, which reached to the ground, in undulating waves, and would almost cover her as she stood. Sir Hugo used to take a pleasure in beholding her beautiful tresses spread at their full length, and he always wore in his helmet one of her curling locks at every tilt and tournament, where he was sure to distinguish himself.

Higher up in Derbyshire, not far from the great cavern of the Peak, lived the Baron of Boyvill, who was a distant connexion of Sir Hugo, and had been his early companion. He had not married himself, and the Lady Johanne was aware that her coldness and preference for him who became her husband, was the cause of his living single. Several years had passed since her marriage and they had not met, when on a sudden, the Baron began to make them visits, and Sir Hugo, who was attached to him, occasionally returned them, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by his wife. This intercourse had continued some time, when Johanne observed a change in her husband's manner: a gloom seemed to take possession of him, and his conversa-

tion always turned on the most serious subjects: in particular he spoke of the glorious cause of Christianity, which was defended in the Holy Land by the Knights of Europe, and sighed heavily as he concluded, by wishing that he had been thought worthy to add the weight of his arm to the holy fight.

Johanne listened with fear and trembling, for she was well aware how many of the most gallant knights of the time had quitted their families and their country to join the standard of Cœur de Lion beyond the seas. Nevertheless she hoped that such a notion was far from Sir Hugo's mind, and she redoubled her efforts to please and charm him, and succeeded so well, that several months elapsed and his spirits revived, and he ceased to speak of the deeds of the Crusaders. All this time the Baron of Boyvill had not visited them, and she saw plainly, that to him she owed the fears she had entertained of losing him she so much loved. Her former coldness toward him consequently increased, and she began to look upon him with positive dislike, not concealing from Sir Hugo the fact that he was displeasing to her. He was not slow to discover this on his part, and he seldom intruded on their privacy, although he occasionally sent messages to her lord by a mendicant friar, who traveled the country, and had been to Syria, from whence he brought such precious relics, that he was welcomed by all the pious in every part of England.

This friar was a frequent guest at the monastery of Black Canons at Repton, not far from Foremark, and Sir Hugo would often in his rides stop at the convent gate and converse with Father Bernard, who generally, from humility, sat on a stone at the entrance. From him he heard wondrous and exciting stories of the warfare in the Holy Land, and his spirits rose and his valor was roused as he listened to the great deeds of his brethren in arms. "And I," he would reflect, "am wasting my youth, and allowing my sword to rust in idleness, charmed by the beauty of a woman, when I ought to be striving to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the Pagan. Surely Boyvill may be right—there must be sorcery at work to keep me here; when in the presence of Johanne I have no power to leave her, nor can bear the thoughts of separation: it is only in absence I feel free to think—I will consult the holy father, and be guided by his advice."

He did so, and the friar, whose great object was to gain proselytes to the cause, lost no advantage: he represented the sin of his remaining supine in his own castle, and as he found he dared not tell his lady of the resolution he at length took of leaving her, he counseled his doing so secretly.

Accordingly, the friar gave him a sleeping potion to administer to Johanne, which would secure her from discovering his absence too quickly, and allow him to take possession of a long lock of her beautiful hair, for which he dare not ask her for fear of exciting her suspicions. She slept therefore soundly on the night when Sir Hugo rose from her side, cut the tress from her head, and fastening round her throat a little chain, to the centre of which was attached a small cornelian ring with the letters of his name engraved thereon, and a heart at the end of the chain, he

embraced her tenderly, and taking one long sad look at her unconscious form, departed from his castle.

When Johanne awoke the next morning the sun had no light for her, she missed her husband, she perceived the chain round her neck; and the truth was revealed to her at once. She examined with terrified eagerness his parting gift, and on the golden heart she read the words "*Five Years.*"

The first thought was to hasten to the convent at Repton, where having entreated to see the Abbess who was the superior of the society of both male and female recluses, she begged her to counsel her what to do.

"Daughter," said the Abbess, "be content; it is the will of Heaven that your dream of worldly happiness should end. Your husband has chosen a better part, he is gone to fight for the holy cause, accompanied by his friend, the Baron of Boyvill, and guided by the pious Father Bernard. Go home and pray. In five years he will return."

Sad and lonely were now the hours passed in her mournful home by the desolate Johanne, and though she strove to obey the commands of the Abbess, she found it hard to banish regret from her mind and to resign herself to her fate.

Those tresses which her beloved husband had so admired, and of which she now had lost her pride, she resolved to dedicate to the Virgin, together with her prayers for his safety; and occupied her whole time in embroidering a magnificent altar-cloth for the shrine of our Lady of Repton, in which she interwove flowers and fruits, and birds and insects, all formed of her own hair mingled with gold and silver thread. She wound it off on a golden reel for her use, and cut it with her golden scissors every morning when she rose; and every day she kissed the little cornelian ring which was pendant from her chain, and read the sad words on her heart, "*Five Years.*"

Three of the five years had passed, when her solitude was broken by the arrival of a palmer from the plains of Syria, in whom she recognized Father Bernard: from him she learnt that her husband was a prisoner to the Infidels, and for his ransom was demanded a large sum of money, which the friar had undertaken to bear back to the place of his captivity. The gold was quickly procured, and the friar departed; new hope springing up in the heart of Johanne, that Sir Hugo would soon return to her.

Another year passed away and her spirits sank, for no tidings came of him she loved, till one evening, as she sat in her bower, whose small pointed window looked over the Vale of Trent, and her eye rested on the gigantic beeches whose boughs were waving in the autumnal wind, she perceived a knight ride slowly up the long avenue which led toward the castle, and as the light fell full on his armor, she saw the red cross upon his breast.

Not doubting a moment but that it was her beloved lord, she flew rather than ran down the turret stairs, and summoning her people, desired them to throw open the gates to the Crusader; but as he approached her disappointment was extreme, for, as he raised his visor, she perceived him to be no other than the Baron of Boyvill.

The tidings that he brought were sad indeed:

he related that the money she had sent by the friar had been paid to the Pagan chief who held Sir Hugo in captivity, and that the prisoner had been indeed released, but a corpse. He had been put to death in prison, and so restored to his friends.

Johanne's agonies of grief were so great on hearing this fearful announcement, that her life was for some time in danger, and it was long before she recovered to consciousness of her unhappy position. It was then that she learnt that she was no longer mistress of Foremark, for, as her husband had died without heirs, the estates devolved on the Baron of Boyvill. But this was nothing to her in comparison of the distress which the importunities of the Baron caused her, for he hesitated not to disclose his attachment, and to desire her hand, when he offered her all the possessions which she would otherwise forfeit.

This proposal she would by no means listen to, but professed her intention of entering the Priory of Repton, there to end her days in seclusion; she soon, however, found that the Baron was resolute and did not intend to permit her to leave the castle; in fact, was determined to make her his wife with or without her consent.

Unable to help herself, she had nothing in her power but to dissimulate, and, at length, was forced to agree, that when the five years of her late husband's absence were expired, she would become his bride, on condition that he did not molest her till that time. To this he apparently agreed, but, in the mean time, she was securely guarded in a high tower which looked over the vale, where no access could be had to her, and from whence it was impossible to escape. There she lived in solitude and gloom, still working at her embroidery and weeping over her wretched fate: the only ornament of her room a skull and cross-bones, and her thought continually of death.

At length the five years were expired, and Johanne was in daily terror of her promise being claimed. The Baron visited her one day and informed her that the next he had fixed for their nuptials, and that he was about to repair to the castles of his friends in the neighborhood to engage them to be present at the solemnity.

She saw that she had now no escape, and when she was again alone, she threw herself on her knees in despair, and implored the assistance of heaven.

Suddenly she heard a heavy foot on the stair, the door of her tower opened, and a knight in armor stood before her; his visor was unclosed, and she saw, with amazement, the features of her husband, Sir Hugo: but his brow was as dark as night, a deep gloom was seated there, and his eyes expressed no love or tenderness: his glance was fierce and terrible, as he exclaimed, in a harsh voice—

"Unfaithful woman—betrayer of thy husband—thy hour of punishment is arrived."

So saying, he strode toward her, and drawing his sword, seized her by the arm—"This hand," he said, "on which I placed the bridal ring, shall be the sacrifice of thy infidelity—and thus I immolate it to my revenge."

The words were scarcely uttered ere his sword had severed her left hand from the fair arm

which sustained it, and she lay bathed in her blood.

Sir Hugo then strode down the stairs, his mailed heels clanking as he passed; he traversed the small court which led to the tower, and descending to the lower hall, stood among his domestics, who, with terrified cries, fled at his approach, imagining that they had seen a spectre.

That night he left the castle, and the body of his murdered wife was found in her tower; she was dead, and her right hand held closely the chain round her neck to which the ring and heart were appended. The Baron of Boyvill never returned, and, after a search in the neighboring wood, he was found pierced with many wounds, by the side of a fountain, but life was extinct, and all efforts to restore him were unavailing.

In a few months Sir Hugo came back to Foremark: none of his domestics dared to ask him a single question, and he was never known to explain to any the reason of his absence, his abrupt return, or the cause of his severity to the Lady Johanne.

There is at a short distance from Foremark a singular bank of rocks which rises precipitately above the extensive meadows which border the Trent. They may still be seen there, and are, indeed, a great object of attraction in the neighborhood, both from their strange appearance, and the traditions attached to them.

In the centre, the rock projects and divides into rugged points, presenting on one side the appearance of a Gothic archway, with openings here and there, which seem like arrow slits or narrow windows; several excavations like cells are within, which communicate with each other, and the whole has a solemn and mysterious effect, mantled as it now is with ivy. The name given to it is Anchor Church, and it is said to have been once the residence of an anchorite, whose severities were of a very appalling nature. Human bones have been found near the spot, and with traces of an altar, and other remarkable remains, are said still to lie beneath the rock.

There, not very long after the catastrophe of the Lady Johanne's death, a stranger of singular sanctity took up his abode: so harsh and severe was he to himself, that when he applied the discipline, which he did continually, his cries could be heard for a great distance round; those who prostrated themselves thrice at the foot of the rock where he had fixed his cell were sure to be relieved of the maladies from which they suffered; and the fame of his miracles was such that the Priory of Repton was crowded with pilgrims who came to visit him. To those who were so fortunate as to obtain access to him, he foretold the future, and divulged the past; and the whole country rang with his fame, and the extraordinary penance to which he had condemned himself.

Late one stormy evening a messenger arrived at Foremark, bringing an entreaty to Sir Hugo from the anchorite of the rock, that he would instantly repair to his cell, adjuring him by the Holy Sepulchre to do so.

The knight accordingly took his way to the secluded spot, and there found the hermit extended on the bare floor in the agonies of death: he had only breath to ask him, in a hollow voice, for his forgiveness for some crime he had com-

mitted against him: Sir Hugo accorded the coveted pardon, and the anchorite, taking from his bosom a letter or scroll, presented it to him as he fell back a corpse.

Sir Hugo, although a man distinguished in arms, had no learning, and as he was unable to decipher the characters in the scroll, he rode at once to the priory, and confiding it to one of the learned monks, desired to know the concealed meaning. After looking it over, the monk, with a shudder, informed the knight that its contents were so horrible that he would need all his firmness to hear them—he then read as follows:

"The mendicant friar Bernard and the recluse of the rocks of Trent are one and the same. Worldly vanity seduced me to crime—I wished to be thought a saint, and I have been a wretched sinner. I traveled over Europe to gain partisans to the holy cause—I gathered money and spent it in wickedness instead of charity. The Baron of Boyvill paid me to gain over Sir Hugo de Bardett and I accompanied both to the Holy Land. I betrayed Sir Hugo into the Paynim's hands, and after obtaining money for his ransom from his lady, I returned with the sum, which I shared with the Baron; and found means to let Sir Hugo know that his lady was false, and had refused to ransom him. After this the Baron came back to England, and endeavored, by representing that her husband was dead, to induce the Lady Johanne to become his wife, which she steadily refused. I had obtained large sums from the Baron, but he had of late refused to give me more, and in revenge I wrought his ruin. I procured the release of Sir Hugo by my agents, and sent him word that his wife and friend were both false. He encountered the Baron in the woods of Foremark, and slew him, for he taunted him with having gained the affections of his wife. Mad with jealousy, Sir Hugo put the innocent lady to death. Remorse almost drove me distracted, when I found the effect of my work, and I strove by penitence to atone for my fearful sins and those I had caused. Pray for my soul, and let masses be said for one otherwise lost for ever."

Sir Hugo, after the reading of this fatal confession, returned to Foremark a changed man: he entered the chamber of his murdered wife for the first time since her death, and there he found the piece of embroidery wrought of her hair, the little cornelian ring and heart, and the skull and cross-bones which were the sole adornment of her solitary abode. Her body had been carefully buried by a faithful domestic in the little green court beneath the windows of her tower, and to that spot he descended.

As his footstep trod the grass at the entrance, he was arrested by a sound of the sweetest melody he had ever heard;—he stood on the last step and gazed over the low wall, and there he beheld a small bird of slender make, and peculiarly bright eyes, seated on a shrub close to the lady's grave, and singing sweetly and mournfully in notes of the most touching music. The movement he made startled the little songster, whose quick eye soon perceived him—it instantly spread its wings and flew upward, and was out of sight almost before he could observe the movement. He perceived that it was a nightingale, an eastern bird which he had often heard in Syria, but which

is never known to visit that part of England—nor has one ever been seen in Derbyshire from that time.

Many were the tears Sir Hugo shed over that mound of earth; and when he mounted his steed the next day and rode he knew not whither, it was said that the same small bird flew before him, and he followed its flight till it alighted in a valley, where in after years stood the Monastery of Ancote, founded by Sir Hugo de Burdett, in expiation of his sins.

The Altar of the Virgin there for centuries possessed one of the most beautiful coverings that had ever been seen; and whoever, it was said, prayed at that shrine, if any malady affected their hands or fingers, found, when they rose from their orisons, all pain removed.

The estate of Foremark passed to a distant branch of the family, but all the females of the race have ever since been celebrated for the peculiar color of their eyes, and the remarkable beauty of their hair, at least such was the tradition of the country in the time when legends were believed. At the present day nothing remains of the ancient house but the tower and chamber at Knowle Hill, the carved face over the wall, and the pictures which are still preserved in the more modern dwelling house.

#### CHANGE AND REST.

BY C. DONALD M'LEOD.

Original.

##### I.

Lo, they together nursed and sprung  
From childhood, still united rove:  
Her white hand o'er his shoulder hung,  
She tells him of a sister's love;  
And calls her deep heart's hopes to frame  
Bright future hours, for him, of fame;  
But see how tired her light step grows,  
A canker growth at the rose!

The music of her song's no more:  
Cold is the gentle hand that press't  
His own so fondly; now 'tis o'er,  
Go! bear the sinless to her rest.

##### II.

Lo! the young bride is kneeling now  
Beside the altar: and her prayer,  
Mingled with love's low-murmured vow,  
Steals out upon the silent air.  
Hope blushes on her brow and cheek;  
But see! what means that fading streak?  
That closing eye, that gasping breath,  
That paling lip! Can this be death?  
Yes, the Destroyer came for her,  
E'en in her bridal garments drest—  
Oh! thou, who wert her worshipper,  
Go! bear thy beautiful to rest.

##### III.

Lo! now, amid her children's smiles  
She sits, who to them being gave;  
The change comes—yet a little while,  
And there's a tenant for the grave.  
And must her love be lost to us?  
So kind a heart desert us thus?  
Yes, earth's cold blasts at length have driven  
Her bark to seek the calm of Heaven.  
Boy! bend not o'er the pallid dead;  
Look not upon the lifeless breast;  
The soul that lov'd thee well hath fled—  
Go! bear thy mother to her rest.

#### THE TUTOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "GREAT METROPOLIS."

WE passed pretty near a house which was a short time ago the scene of an incident which, in the hands of a skilful novelist, might be spun out so as to make the orthodox three volumes. In the house there lived—I am not sure that he does not still reside there—an eccentric old rich landed proprietor. His own dress and manners were plain, and his mode of life homely; but, intending a handsome fortune for each of his family—two sons and a daughter—it was his great ambition to give them a first rate education. The daughter being the eldest, had returned from one of the first boarding-schools, quite an accomplished lady. He doated on her, and fully made up his mind that she should either be married to a man of rank and importance in the world, or not married at all. For the two sons, in order, as he said, that they might be educated under his own eye, that he might see that full justice was done to them, he employed a talented young man, whom the old eccentric gentleman constantly lauded to the skies for his exceeding modesty of manner. Things went on for a season as smoothly as either party could wish, the tutor growing every hour in the good graces of his patron. He became, in fine, a confirmed favorite, and was in every respect "treated as one of the family."

One day, after dinner, the modest tutor (there being no one present but themselves) said to the old gentleman, in hesitating accents, scarcely venturing to raise his head as he spoke, that he wished to consult him confidently for a few minutes on a very important and delicate matter; and to get his advice as to how he ought to act in the peculiar circumstance in which he was placed.

"Quite ready to hear you, sir, and to give you the best advice in my power," observed the other, who had always been remarkable for his rough, blunt manner of speaking.

"I really don't know how to begin. I'm almost afraid to mention the thing to you," remarked the tutor, untying and tying a piece of twine on his finger, on which he kept his eye steadily fixed.

"Oh don't be afraid, sir, out with it. It's nothing horrible, I hope?"

"Oh dear, no!"

"Well, then, let us hear it at once."

"It's about an affair of the heart."

"Ah! an affair of the heart? Ay, I see you young men know something about these matters. It is long since I had an affair of the heart, though I have had plenty of other affairs, far more serious—but young men must be young men; yes, they must. Come, take a glass of wine, and tell us all about this affair of the heart."

And as he spoke, the eccentric old gentleman poured a glass of unexceptionable port, and passed it to the tutor, which the latter deliberately drank off.

"Now, sir, for this love story—this affair of the heart; you have fallen in love with some pretty girl, and wish to marry her, I suppose?"

The tutor owned the soft impeachment, "Well, and why not marry her?"

"That's just the point about which I wished to consult you."

"Is she an amiable girl?"

"The very perfection of everything that is morally good and mentally excellent."

"So, so. And belongs to a respectable family?"

"A very respectable family. Indeed, she moves in a better sphere of life than myself, and her family are so respectable, that any gentleman might and would be proud to be connected with it."

"Then why, you spalpeen, don't you marry her at once?" said the old man, raising his right leg and placing it on an adjacent chair.

"But I have not yet obtained the consent of her father," replied the tutor, speaking in a seemingly subdued and timid tone, and not having courage enough to look his patron in the face.

"Then why, sir, don't you obtain it?"

"I am afraid to ask it."

"Why afraid to ask? Don't be a coward."

"I'm afraid, because she assures me that her father would never consent to her marriage with one who is entirely destitute of means, and has nothing but his education and good moral character to recommend him."

"Does she speak confidently on the point?"

"Oh most confidently. She is quite positive."

"Quite sure, eh?"

"Perfectly certain."

"No chance of the father yielding?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is he an old man?"

"He is advanced in years."

"Then, sir, he must be an old fool. Come, take another glass of wine."

The eccentric old gentleman here filled up the glass of his son's preceptor, and the latter quaffed off its contents.

"Do I know this stupid piece of antiquity?"

"Intimately."

"And for some time?"

"For very many years."

"Does he and his daughter reside in this neighborhood?"

"They do."

"Is it a fair question to ask the old idiot's name?"

"I would rather not mention it in existing circumstances."

"Oh, very good. I would not press you by any means. I say—"

The love-struck tutor was all attention.

"Listen to me, sir—lend me your ears."

"I will with the greatest pleasure."

"What I am going to say is worth hearing."

"I am anxious to hear it."

"I'll tell you what you'll do."

"I shall be most grateful for the advice in so trying a situation as that in which I am placed."

"Take another glass of port. Keep up your heart, sir."

The tutor took another glass, the example being set him by his friend and counsellor.

"Is the young lady very much attached to you?"

"I have no reason to doubt the ardor of her affection."

"Would she elope—that is, run away with you?"

"She is willing to do anything."

"Then, sir, your course is clear. Carry her off and get married at once."

"I'm afraid of offending the old gentleman, her father."

"Oh!—the old gentleman, her father! Never mind him, if you can get the girl herself."

"And would you really advise me to run away with her? I would not like to take so important a step without your approval."

"I would advise you—I do advise you, and let it be done directly, sir. Why, you have no pluck or spirit about you, or you would have done it before now. Thunder and lightning! old as I am, sir, I would do it myself. You do it at once."

"I was anxious to consult you on so delicate a matter."

"Well, sir, you know my opinion and have got my advice. Don't be faint-hearted, sir, get up early and elope with the lady to-morrow morning; and take my horse and gig for the purpose. They are quite at your service."

"I am really under infinite obligations to you for the deep interest you have taken in the matter. I'll adopt your advice, and avail myself of your kind offer of your horse and gig to enable me to carry her off."

"Do, sir, do; and mind you do it effectually. Let there be no mistake, no failure in the matter. Success to you in your new enterprise. Let me know when you have made the young lady your wife."

"I will with the greatest possible pleasure."

On the following morning, the old gentleman summoned his daughter, as was his custom, down to breakfast, he stationing himself on the occasion, at the foot of the stairs. No response was made to his first summons.

"What do you mean, you lazy, indolent hussy, that you don't come when you're called?" bawled the old and eccentric personage, in the way of continuing his first call.

Still there was no answer.

"You are sound asleep, I suppose. Why don't you get up and come down directly? Do you hear?"

Still there was no response.

"I say, you indolent good-for-nothing piece of goods why don't you?"

"Please, sir," interposed an out-door man servant who had just entered the hall, "please, sir, I saw Miss and the Tutor driving away this morning at five o'clock, in your gig. And more than that, please your honor, they (horse, gig, and all) seemed as if they were in a dreadful hurry. They were indeed, sir."

The old man audibly groaned, and sank down on the stairs. The truth flashed into his mind. It was his own daughter who had eloped with the tutor, in obedience to his own advice tendered to the latter so emphatically on the previous day.

## THE LAST YEAR'S BALANCE.

ONCE upon a time Mr. Doubledot kept a tally-shop in the Borough. He sold (on very profitable credit) all sorts of varieties to tempt thoughtless women—such as caps, bonnets, blonde whisks, ribbons, imitation lace, polka pelisses, arti-

ficial—very artificial flowers, and we know not what besides. One New Year's Eve the shop was closed, and all his assistants released for the night, except the errand-boy, Dicky Drugget, and his skeleton clerk, Phillip Tick. Dicky was employed smoothing pieces of paper, and disentangling bits of string, as cold and as drowsy as any boy could be at eleven o'clock at night, in a large shop in December, without a fire. Phillip Tick was perched at a desk in a small glazed counting-house at the back of the shop, running up one column and down another of a calf-bound ledger, until Dicky Drugget began to think that Tick was the embodiment of compound addition. At length, to his delight, he heard Tick exclaim, "Done sir!"

"Very glad to hear it," thought Dicky.

"And what is the balance, Tick?" said Mr. Doubledot.

"After deducting 10 per cent. for bad debts, sir," replied Tick, "the balance is £847. 12s. 4d., and considering the times, sir, a very fair balance at the end of the year."

"Middling, middling," said Doubledot.

"Enormous," thought Dicky.

"Put up the books, Tick," said Doubledot, "we've done enough for to-night."

"Quite," thought Dicky, and to his comfort he heard the ledgers, and journals, and day-books lump, lump in the great iron chest, and then the great bolts rattled and said as plainly as bolts could speak, "Safe! safe!"

"Come up stairs, Tick; we must see the old year out," said Doubledot. "It wants but a quarter to 12; and Dick you can go."

"Thank'ee sir," answered Dick, and he dived under the counter for his little seal-skin cap, and red worsted comforter."

"Dick!"

"Yes, sir," and he popped up again like a Jack in the box.

"Wait a few minutes—go in the counting-house—I think I want you for something," said Mr. Doubledot, as he and Tick left by a little door that opened into the passage.

Dick sighed and thought of his mother who was sitting up for him, and wished himself under his calico sheet and three horse-rugs. "What does he want with me at this time?" thought Dick, as he seated himself in the chair lately occupied by the portly person of his master. He put his heels upon the hobs, and as both of his shoes had holes in the bottom, the fire soon crept into the very cold soles of his feet.

"Hard work, this," thought Dick, "for four shillings a-week, and find oneself. Mine's rather a small basin, and so it need be," and he glanced at a little white bundle that lay by the side of his seal-skin cap. "Eight hundred and ever so many more pounds, and all made in a year; well, as sure as my name's—"

"Dick," said a female voice. It was Mary, the housemaid, who had brought something smoking in a large tea-cup.

"What's that, Mary?"

"A drop of egg-hot," replied the girl. "Cook and me have been making ourselves comfortable, and we thought you were a-cold, and would like a little too. Here!"

Dick took the cup with a grin; and, as he sniffed it, he thought he had never smelled anything

so comfortable in his life. Before he could say more than "This is prime," Mr. Doubledot's bell summoned Mary up stairs.

Dick sipped and sipped the pleasant beverage in the cup, and edged himself close to the fire; and then he sipped again until he felt his eyes begin to twinkle, and the cold to steal out of his breeches pockets and up the back of his jacket, and through the holes in his shoes, until at last he became as warm as a toast.

"Well," thought Dick, "if I were a master tallyman, and had eight hundred and ever so many more pounds, I'd have such stuff as this three times a day. La! what a lot of egg-hot is locked up in that iron chest, and nobody allowed to drink it;" and then he sipped again, until he had not more than a teaspoonful left at the bottom of the cup.

The fire and the tippie were too much for Dicky, tired as he was, and he went off into a good snoring sleep. Then he began to dream. New year's eve has a patent for dreams. He fancied to his great surprise that he saw he was exactly like his master, Mr. Doubledot; and yet he could see himself, Dicky Drugget, inside of this wonderful fancy dress. "What's all this about?" said Dicky; "I've dropped into a good thing, I have—especially if I'm to have the eight hundred and nobody knows how many pounds." As he spoke he saw a large key hopping along the floor, and then on to a chair, and then into the large key-hole in the iron chest. It turned itself round, and the great bolts rattled as they did before; and the ledgers, and the journals, and the day-books lump'd, lump'd out, clambered on to the desks, and then laid themselves quietly down on the mahogany.

"There'll be a row in the morning," thought Dicky.

"What for?" said a voice, which sounded exactly like Tick's. "You're master here."

Dick looked round, and there, sure enough, was old Philip Tick, but in such a funny costume. His trousers seemed of sprigged muslin, and his waistcoat of russia leather, all scored about with strips of parchment like the sides of a ledger. His coat was trimmed all over with bits of ribbon; and his whiskers were made of blonde, and stuffed full of fancy flowers. Dicky was sorely puzzled, and speechless for some time; but Tick at length broke the silence:

"I've come to show you the balance of the past year—the eight hundred and ever so many pounds," said the visionary Tick; the ledgers, and the journals, and the day-books, seemed to open of themselves, and Dick saw the names of the customers, and the long list of articles placed under them. As he looked, he saw several little cramped 6s turn over and make themselves into 9s, and round 0s shoot out and change into 6s, whilst poor paltry 1s split themselves and became 11s.

Tick then took a small piece of sponge, and deliberately wiped out the pence columns one after the other.

"What are you doing?" said Dick.

"Wiping out the overcharge," replied Tick; and now that I've finished, there go ever so many odd pounds, master."

Dick didn't like it—he thought he (Tick) was a little bit of a rascal.

"And now let us look to folio one," said Tick.

"Folio one,

"MRS. DRABBLE.

To a superior Victoria Shawl . . . .	£0	16	0
" 4 Pair of Blonde Whiskers . . . .	0	4	0
" 10 yards of Gros de Naples Silk . . .	2	0	0
" 1 Pair of open worked Cotton Stockings	0	3	6
Total . . . . .	£3	3	0

and now look at the lady."

Dick looked in the direction that Tick indicated, and there he saw Mrs. Drabble dressed out in her three pounds three and sixpenny worth of tawdry finery. She was in a dreadful pucker, and well she might be, for the tally-man was on the stairs, and Mrs. Drabble had not a shilling in the house. As the newspaper gentlemen say, the scene which ensued is more easily imagined than described, but it ended by Mrs. Drabble fainting into a washing-tub that stood on the floor, and the tally-man declaring that he would make "her husband dub up in a week."

"And he'll be as good as his word," said Tick; "he don't care about turning them into the street, and sowing discord between man and wife. True, he tempted the woman to buy bargains and useless things—but what then? Such doings make your eight hundred pounds, master."

Dick felt satisfied he was a rascal.

And so Tick went on from folio to folio, and poor Dick saw quarreling where there should have been peace; and heard angry revilings where only words of comfort should have been spoken.

"Well, Master," said Tick, "have you seen enough of the last year's balance? Don't you think you are to be envied, and your wealth coveted? Is not money so gained better than sleeping under a calico sheet and three horse rugs, and having holes in your shoes, and four shillings a-week and finding yourself?"

"No—no!" gasped Dick, "I'm sure that it's not."

"O, you're sure it's not?" said Tick. "Then the sooner these books go to rest again the better;" and then the ledgers, and the day-books lump'd back again to their iron resting-place.

Tick too shrunk down until the chest seemed big enough to make him a very handsome mansion, and as he stood between the two massy doors he said:

"Dicky Drugget, be a good boy, and never envy any man his wealth until you know how he gets it. Wiser folks than you, Dicky, very often grow dissatisfied with roast beef because somebody else eats venison; but if they knew how hard the venison is to digest from being bought with dirty money, they would thank their stars that they had such a friend as a confiding butcher. Good night, Dicky, don't you forget the Last Year's Balance."

Tick stepped into the chest, and the doors flew together with much the same noise as that produced by — knocking down a shovel, a poker, and a pair of tongs, on an iron fender, a feat which Dick Drugget performed at his master's counting-house exactly as the clock on the stairs struck One.

## THE WICKED CAPTAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

A RUDE captain in the South Seas had murdered his mate, an excellent youth, for pretended disobedience of orders; and for this crime God sent the black-winged overtaking tempest, which beat his ship to pieces, and he was cast alone upon a desert island. It was night when he recovered from his drenched dream, and sat down on a green bank above the sea-marge, to reflect on his situation. The storm-racks had fled away; the moon came peering round above the world of seas, and up through the cold, clear wilderness of heaven: the dark tree-tops of the forest, which grew down to the very sands, waved in the silver night. But neither this beauty after the tempest, which should have touched his heart with grateful hope, nor the sense of his deliverance, nor yet the subduing influence of hunger, could soften that mariner's soul; but he sat till morning, unrepentant of his murder, fortifying himself in injustice, hardening his heart, kicking against the pricks. About sunrise he climbed up into a high tree, to look around him. The island, so far as he could see on all sides, seemed one wild and fenceless forest; but there was a high hill, swathed in golden sunlight, perhaps three or four miles inland, which, if he could reach and climb it, would give him a wide prospect, and perhaps show him some inhabited district. To make for this hill, he descended from the tree, and struck into the woods, studious to pursue the straight line of rout which he laid down for himself, in order to reach the mountain.

The forest was full of enormous trees, of old prodigious growth, bursting into wild gums, and rough all over with parasitical plants and fungi of every color, like monstrous livers; while up and down the trunks ran strange painted birds, pecking into the bark with their hard bills, and dotting the still air with their multitudinous little blows. Deeper from the engulfed navel of the wood came the solitary cries of more sequestered birds. Onward went the wicked captain, slowly, and with little caution, because he never doubted that he should easily find the mountain; but rough and impervious thickets turned him so oft, and so far aside, that gradually he forgot his proposed track, and became quite bewildered. In this perplexity, he again climbed a high tree, to discover the bearing of the hill; but it was no longer to be seen. Nothing was before him and around him, but a boundless expanse of tree-tops, which, under a sky now darkened to a twilight, began to moan and surge like a sea. Descending in haste, he tried to retrace his steps; but this it was out of his power distinctly to do; and he only went deeper into the wood, which began to slope downward perceptibly. Darkness, in the meantime, thickened among the trees, which were seen standing far *ben*, as in a dream, crooked in their trunks, like the bodies of old men, and altogether unlike the trees of an upper world. Every thing was ominously still, till all at once the millions of leaves were shaken, as if with small eddying bubbles of wind. Forthwith came the tempest. The jagged lightning lanced the forest-gulfs with its swift and perilous beauty; while overhead

the thunder was crushed and jammed through the broken heavens, making the living beams of the forest to quiver like reeds. Whether real or imaginary, the wicked captain thought that he heard, at the same time, the roar of wild beasts, and saw the darkness spotted with their fiery eyes; and to save himself from them, he climbed up into a tree, and sat in its mossy clefts. As the storm above and beneath ranged away, and again drew nearer and nearer, with awful alternations, the heart of the wicked captain began to whirl within him, tugged at by immediate horrors, and the sense of ultimate consequences, from his helpless situation. In his agony, he twisted himself from branch to branch, like a monkey, braiding his legs, and making rings with his arms; at the same time crying out about his crime, and babbling a sort of delirious repentance. In a moment the tempest was over-blown, and every thing hushed, as if the heavens wished to listen to his contrition. But it was no contrition; nothing but an intoxicated incontinence,—a jumble of fear and blasphemy; such a babbling as a man might make if he were drunk with the devil's tears, gathered, as they came glittering like mineral drops down the murky rocks of damnation, in bottles made of the tough hearts of old vindictive queens. God does not despise any working of the sinner's heart, when allied, even most remotely, to repentance: and because the wicked captain had felt the first tearings of remorseful fear, God sent to him, from the white land of sinless children, the young little Cherub of Pity. And when the wicked captain lifted up his eyes and looked into the forest, he saw far off, as at the end of a long vista, the radiant child coming on in naked light; and, drawing near, the young Being whispered to him, that he would lead him from the forest, and bring a ship for him, if he would go home, and on his knees confess his crime to the aged parents of the youth whom he had murdered, and be to them as a son, for the only son whom they had lost. The wicked captain readily vowed to perform these conditions, and so the Babe of Pity led him from the forest, and, taking him to a high promontory above the sea shore, bade him look to the sea:—and the promised ship was seen hanging like a patch of sunshine on the far blue rim of the waters. As she came on and came near, the heart of the wicked captain was again hardened within him, and he determined not to perform his vow.

"Your heart has again waxed obdurate," said the Figure, who still lived before him like a little white dial in the sun; "and I shall now turn the ship away, for I have her helm in my hand. Look now, and tell me what thou seest in the sea." The wicked captain looked for the ship, but she had melted away from off the waters; and when he turned, in his blind fury, to lay hold on the White Babe, it was vanished too.

"Come back to me, thou imp," cried the hungry blasphemer, while his face waxed grim with wild passions, "or I will hurl this dagger at the face of the Almighty." So saying, he drew a sharp clear dagger from his side, and pointing it upward, threw it with all his might against the sky. It was now the calm and breathless noon-tide, and when this impious dagger was thrown up, not a breeze was stirring in the forest skirts or

on the beaked promontory; but ere it fell, a whirling spiral blast of wind came down from the mid-sky, and, catching the dagger, took it away glittering up into the blue bosom of heaven. Struck with a new horror, despite of his hardened heart, the wicked captain stood looking up to heaven after his dagger, when there fell upon his face five great drops of blood, as if from the five wounds of Christ. And in the same minute, as he was trying to wipe away this Baptism of Wrath, he reeled and fell from the lofty promontory where he stood into the sea, into the arms of the youth whom he had murdered and thrown overboard, and whose corpse had been brought hither by the tides and the wandering winds. So the wicked captain sunk forever in the waters.

### THE KING'S PAGE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE have been prisons of more pretension, as witness the cells of the Inquisition, and places of exile of grander name, the frozen deserts of Siberia for instance, or the sweltering swamps of Surinam; but for a chill, barren, heart-breaking monotony—a weary, dreary dragging on of life, when all that renders life bearable is taken away, commend me to a Prussian fortress during the reign of that literary coxcomb, small poet, eminent soldier, sad despot, but tolerably amusing, and by fits tolerably well natured personage, Frederick, misnamed the Great. To be sure the inmates, if it be true that the misfortunes of others convey some consolation in calamity, had the wretched comfort of knowing that from the whole country, flat, dull, and ugly enough at the best, being little better than a camp, or a battle plain, the towns and cities, huge barracks, and every citizen, from the tottering great-grandfather to the infant in the cradle, a soldier, past, present or future, responsible for the slightest infringement of an all but impracticable military code, there was not an individual in the kingdom who might not be in an instant imprisoned like themselves. But without venturing to dispute the general truth of Rochefoucault's celebrated maxim, it may be doubted whether the captive, pacing for the millionth time the stone floor of the dungeon, and vainly trying to divine the fault for which he was incarcerated, could derive much pleasure from reflecting that half his friends and kinsmen might at some future day be in equal jeopardy.

Next in discomfort to the prisoners within those dismal cells were the jailers, who kept ward without, and who, cooped up between the walls of the fortress, were, as compared to those whom they guarded, pretty much as birds in an aviary compared with the same order of feathered bibids in a cage. At Spandau, the commandant, Major Kleinwitz, an invalid soldier, found so much difficulty in obtaining assistants for Hans Klaus, who had the dungeons in charge, that he thought himself lucky in gaining the service of a pretty youth, who called himself Wilhelm Steinfurt, an orphan, who having an only brother, cared, he said, nothing for the world without the walls, and showed great zeal in assisting Klaus, who, lame

from the consequences of an old wound, found much difficulty in passing up and down the steep stone stairs, while carrying their scanty meals to the miserable inmates of the cells.

Two or three, distinguished by triple padlocks, each boasting its different key—keys whose intricacy and convolutions seemed dim forebodings of the wonders of Bramah—were reserved by Klaus for his own especial attendance. One should think that Wilhelm was enough of the poor captive; but these prisoners seemed to excite his curiosity not a little. One morning, taking advantage of a fit of good humor on the part of his master, and of his master's lady and mistress, Madame Klaus, he prevailed upon him to allow each of the poor wretches a solitary walk in a small yard, closed in on every side by the steep walls of the fortress, and scarcely even at noon-tide admitting one glimpse of the blessed sun; and as they emerged, pale and haggard, into the light of day, he brushed the tears from his eyes, and gazed upon their wasted forms and wan complexions, with the eagerness with which a mother would seek for a missing child. Apparently Wilhelm's search had been in vain. One prisoner among those most carefully guarded, and one alone, had not shared an indulgence too dangerous for repetition. Wilhelm, as soon as he ascertained the fact, hastened to the triply locked door. "Max!" and the exclamation of surprise and joy with which that earnest whisper was acknowledged and reciprocated told at a word that the search was at an end.

For three weary days—days which, although really of the shortest in January, seemed long as those of June—the triply barred door, with its panels of oak and studs of iron, remained betwixt them, a tantalizing and inexorable barrier. At last, chance, always the good friend of those who watch to avail themselves of the opportunities which she presents, took the guise of a north-east wind, which affected Hans's wounded leg with as many aches and twinges as Prospero inflicted upon Caliban, and visited the wife of his bosom, Madame Klaus, with such a fit of rheumatic gout, most aristocratic of diseases, as would have done honor to a baroness of sixteen quarters. Hans Klaus could not have walked across the court to exchange the warder's keys for a field-marshal's baton; and Dame Gertrude could not have undone the easiest of the three padlocks to have been made first lady of the key to the empress. So they were forced to delegate the office of bread and water carrier to the young boy Wilhelm.

"Max!" "Agatha!" And the twin brother and sister, for such they were, lay bathed in tears of mingled joy and sorrow in each other's arms.

"How came you here?" asked Agatha, when their emotion had in part subsided. "You, Max von Lindorff, the King's Page, the favorite, trusted and beloved almost like a son!—what can have been your offence? How came you here?"

"I can as little guess the cause of this imprisonment as you, sweet sister! I had served the king with wine the night before, as he sat at supper with M. de Voltaire and other gay and witty Frenchmen, himself gayest of all. The next morning Adolf Von Rosenthal—Agatha, I cannot see your blushes, but this trembling hand

tells of feeling which he would be right glad to hear!—Adolf avowed his love, and craved my intercession; and I was in the act, after one or two attempts, of sealing a letter to you, when the officer on guard, Count Waldemar, entered my apartment, put me under arrest, and whirled me off here to the Spandau without a moment's pause. As little as yourself can I guess the cause. And now let me ask of you the same question. How came you hither, sister mine?"

Agatha hesitated, and the little hand which had before betrayed her consciousness again trembled, as the brother pressed it in his: "The Baron Von Rosenthal—" she faltered; and her brother filled up the pause.

"Adolf! ay, doubtless he ascertained my destination from Count Waldemar, and then communicated the intelligence to you. No truer friend than Adolf Von Rosenthal! and yet I would not be sure that my calamity was altogether unwelcome, since it procured him admission to his lady love. But now, dearest, away! Dally here no longer! leave the dungeon and the fortress! lay aside your disguise!"

"Instantly, dear Max," interrupted she, laughing, and beginning to divest herself of cap and doublet, and to replace them by her brother's habiliments: "Instantly! we have not a moment to lose. It was for this that I came; I shall remain in the cell, and you must pass for me, as, aided by the dark wintry weather, and our remarkable resemblance of figure, voice, and face, and these, my boyish garments, you well may do. Walk boldly into Dame Gertrude's apartments, and proffer to fetch from her gossip, Claudine, the miller's wife, the decoction of herbs, strange as the compound of a witch's cauldron, which she wants for her rheumatism. Once clear of the walls of Spandau, make straight toward the frontier and all will go well. No remonstrance, no hesitation, no delay. This purse, too; take this purse! I shall be safe, I tell you; and when we shall have found out your crime, there will be some chance of procuring a pardon. All will be right, provided you be manageable! Away with you, Max!" And, in spite of contention and remonstrance, the brother was forced away, and the sister remained in his place, under a mixture of feelings that found vent first in hysterical laughter, then in hysterical sobs, and settled down at last into a trembling silence, a breathless pause of suspense and expectation, during which she seemed to hear her own heart beat, as she stood in the gloom and darkness.

Gradually, however, she became aware of sounds—the clang of gate and drawbridge, the clattering of arms and trampling of horses, which, piercing as they did through the massive walls of the inner court, indicated no common confusion in the fortress; so that when Klaus, accompanied by a corporal's guard, made his appearance in the doorway, she was, to a certain degree, prepared for the discovery of her scheme and the recapture of the prisoner.

The jailer, however, appeared still in a state of mystification. "I knew that I should find Master Max safe in his apartment," muttered Hans Klaus, with considerable exultation. "My birds seldom get out of their cages. Come along, can't you?" cried he, in a sharp voice to the cor-

poral, as he swung along upon his crutches, with an activity wholly belying the incapacity of motion of which I spoke a few sentences back, that extraordinary and preternatural activity belonging to a lame man, when the one motive the key of the clock has been found, and the machinery has been fairly set in motion. "Get on, I tell you," cried the jailer to the corporal; "I knew that I should find him. A prisoner escape from Spandau, indeed! That seems likely!"

Agatha had seen and heard enough to take her measures. Max has been met and stopped, and brought back, thought she, and we are to be confronted. Now heaven send him a good gift of impudence, and surely that is a commodity in which a court page can hardly be defective, and we shall baffle them yet.

So thinking, she followed Klaus to the guard-room, fully prepared to find that her brother had been arrested, but a little disconcerted to see seated in an arm chair at the head of the table, the identical adust stiff soldier-looking personage, with his cocked hat, jack-boots, and shabby uniform, known to his loving subjects as Frederick the Great.

"Here, an' please your Majesty," said Klaus, pointing with his crutch to the youth in his page's dress, whom he poked forward as he spoke, "here is my prisoner, Maximilian Von Lindorf. The other poor boy is, as I said before, a lad called Wilhelm Steinfort, whom I and my old dame, waxing somewhat stiff, have hired to scrub down the courts, cut wood, and carry water. He was only going some quarter of a league for a decoction of—"

"Bah!" interrupted the King. "We did not come here to inquire into thy wife's rheumatism. Why truly, Rosenthal, I think there be two of them. Come hither, master page."

Both youths advanced to the table.

"I called Maximilian Von Lindorf only," added Frederick. "Which of ye answers to that name?"

"I do," replied two voices, equally musical, to the right and left.

"Indeed! Who was your father?"

"Ernest Von Lindorff, a lieutenant-general in your Majesty's service," answered the two voices in duet.

"What is your age?"

"Seventeen the twentieth of last July," said both.

"Which of ye is the real prisoner?"

"I am," replied the two.

"Wilhelm! Wilhelm!" The boy is crazy," interposed the jailer.

"Hold your peace, Master Klaus," said the king quickly; "according to their own confession, here was one prisoner upon the point of escaping."

"I am the prisoner," reiterated both.

"Which of ye hath a sister, the Frauline Agatha?"

"I have!"

"Let me finish my sentence," quoth his Majesty. "Don't be in such haste, young sirs, you are coming to your sentence fast enough. And you, Master Jailer, let me see no more winking and nodding, and sign-making to the young boy whom thou call'st Wilhelm, but who answers to

the name of Max. Canst not thou let him go to the gallows his own way? Take care of thy own neck, Master Klaus, which may be in jeopardy here for playing fast and loose with thy prisoners. Harken, young sirs," pursued his Majesty, resuming the examination. "Which of ye hath a sister, the Frauline Agatha?" here he paused a moment, and both were preparing to answer, "I have;" the words were forming on each rosy mouth; when he continued deliberately—"who is in love with my aid-de-camp here, the Baron Rosenthal?"

The reply, which, as I have said, hung trembling on either tongue, was suddenly cut short as the one face covered with blushes, after a shy stolen glance at the fellow culprit's half amused, half sympathising countenance, seemed sinking to the ground with shame; whilst Rosenthal, provoked, astonished, and confused, looked almost as guilty as the prisoners.

The king went on with his questions. "You have such a sister, then, as the young lady who is in love with the Baron?—eh? Did you speak, my Lord?" said Frederick, interrupting himself as Rosenthal, vexed at heart for the vexation of his blushing lady love, uttered an impatient quirk behind the royal chair. "Hum! I thought you wished to suggest some inquiry, Monsieur de Baron. You did not, you say? Well! then you have such a sister as this Frauline Agatha, the enamorata of the Baron here? And this leads us to the crime, for crime it is," continued Frederick, with a degree of seriousness which communicated a corresponding degree of apprehension to all who heard him. "Do you know any thing of this bit of paper?" asked he, sternly producing from his pocket a scrap of writing, of which the top and the bottom and one corner seemed to be torn off.

"Would you believe, gentlemen?" continued the Majesty of Prussia, turning rapidly from Major Kleinwitz to Baron Rosenthal; "would you think it possible that the son of a brave soldier like Lindorff, who died in my arms, on the field of battle—that his son, brought up in my household, treated as a child of my own, should write of me in terms like these? In terms amounting to treason," added he, waxing warmer as he described the guilt of the culprit. "Which of ye owns this scroll? Let none own it lightly, for it will be found to contain no slight matter. Read it, Kleinwitz. I picked it up myself under the boy's window at Potsdam. I knew the writing well, having afore now employed the ingrate as my amanuensis. Read."

He fixed his eyes on the culprits, who listened with surprise and alarm as Kleinwitz read. Thus ran the scroll:

"So much for Rosenthal's petition, sweet sister, which pray you to answer favorably. You cannot do otherwise, for I know that you have long loved him. For other matters we go on much as usual. The tyrant,"—

"Here," said Kleinwitz, "some words are missing,—got drubbed most famously last night by"—

"And here some more, Sire," continued Kleinwitz compassionately, "this scrawl is imperfect."

"Go on!" was the stern command.

"May this country soon be rid of him."

"This meaning is plain enough, Major Kleinwitsch. Is it so?" said the Monarch, coldly. "There is no riddle there. There treason is plain and simple, and so shall be the doom."

"Suffer me to complete the sentence," said one of the culprits, producing from the page's dress a morsel of paper which exactly fitted the scrawl in question.

"Sister!" cried Max in great perplexity, tugging at her sleeve—the sleeve of his own doublet upon Agatha's arm; "Sister, for heaven's sake! better die!"

"Better live, Max!" returned his sister, smiling. "I know what I'm about, and the truth shall out, the truth, and the whole truth, Max! Read, Major Kleinwitsch. No, not that nonsense at the beginning," added she, with the renewal of the shamefacedness which did so much injustice to her page's attire.

"No need to read that nonsense! Begin there!" And the good natured commandant read:

"We get on much as usual. The tyrant of [literature, Voltaire,] got drubbed last night most famously by [our good old Fritz.] Be it ominous, and the country soon rid of him [for ever.]"

"Pardon, Sir, the impertinent expression! It was a boy's flippancy, repented as soon as written, torn away, and, as I believed, destroyed. Pardon that impertinence, and, above all, forgive her whose only fault was a too deep love of her twin brother. Pardon, Sir, I beseech thee."

"Did old Fritz give Voltaire a sound drubbing, Max, in the match of wit we played the other night? Good faith, I believe he did!" chuckled the king. "And thou wilt be glad to be quit of him! Well, if that be the worst treason we meet with, the fortress of Spandau may go empty. Here is one fair prison-breaker though," added he, drawing Agatha gently toward him, "and the best way to dispose of her will be to give her her choice of warders, Hans Klaus or Baron Rosenthal."

## THE JILT'S REWARD.

A TALE OF SPAIN.

"But what avails the tardy penitence of her who trifled with a true man's heart?" GREEN.

If you have ever been in Madrid, the chances are that you entered it by the road called Alcala de Henares. The proud Spaniards are anxious that travelers should catch the first sight of their city from their favorite way; and, certainly, once having distanced the Quinta del Espiritu Santo, the capital of this now divided kingdom, presents a striking and imposing character. But though this entrance is the most superb, you must, if you please, come with me through the Segovian gate of San Vicente. The green trees, and fresh, though feeble, waters of the Manzanares, cannot fail to have kept you in excellent spirits, be the day ever so hot; and having turned from the bright, black eyes of the women, whose washing-sheds are scattered along the river's banks—having thought that the tinkling of the bells of mountain mules, the music of the guitars, and the chatter of the castanets, is in pleasing harmony with the scene; you must pass the

gate, keep straight on for about two, or it may be, three hundred yards, and then take the first turning to the right. Having so done, and escaped (as I trust you may) from the shake or bite of one or other of those terrific dogs, with iron-mounted collars, who seem deliberately inclined to attack you, with or without provocation; having also passed several miserable moss-covered huts; and, above all, having been dazzled and confused by the mingling of provincial costume, which meets you at every step; admired the gay-colored handkerchief, and brilliantly striped manta of the Valencian; noted the wild and picturesque bearing of the half-civilized Catalonian; performed an involuntary bow to the whiskered and well dressed Andalusian; marveled if the man of Estramadura really meant to unbuckle the buff belt wherewith his loins are girded, and consume the interminable string of sausages he carries in his hand; fancied that the Gallician was hired by government to pave the streets by means of his heavily laden shoes—having in short, arrived at the conclusion, that, taken one and all, the people and streets of Madrid are unlike the people and streets of any other capital in your traveled memory—you will have arrived exactly opposite the house to which I wish your attention directed.

You see at once it is the residence of a highly respectable, if not a distinguished family. There have been modern improvements in the old mansion; the bars of the lower windows are freshly painted; the squares of glass larger than is customary; and though the dwelling is not enclosed by a courtyard, there is a heraldic chain festooned over the entrance, terminated by a medallion at either end. But, please not to inquire how it is that mean hovel should be permitted to rest against the marble columns of this stately dwelling, but let me introduce you to Senora Luisa Valasquez, the sole surviving daughter of Don Augustin,—as self-satisfied and proud a Don as ever graced the Spanish capital:—one who was so intent on his public duties, that he had no time to inspect his menage, which was superintended by his elder sister, a venerable lady, the widow of a poor Spanish officer, rejoicing in a multitude of names, of which Catalina appeared to me the only pronounceable one. The Senora Catalina exercised undisputed control over every thing, living and dead, in her brother's establishment—with one exception. With a solitary exception, the old lady might be termed queen regent, swaying her sceptre (an enormous fan,) and dictating laws which no one, but one, disputed. The servants were old, well-trained domestics; not over clean, nor over active, but—for Spain—miracles of servitude! The state-rooms were magnificently furnished, and no one, but one, dared enter them, except at appointed times. Poor Senora Catalina loved her niece with a most devoted affection; yet she was the one who marred whatever her good aunt made; who set all laws, foreign and domestic, at defiance; and though her "nez" was any thing but "retrousee," would have deemed it the best of all possible sports to overturn a kingdom.

She certainly was an espiegle of the first water. In England, she would have been considered not a *bas bleu*, but a *belle esprit*; her witti-

cisms would have been quoted—her pasquinades printed; and, though she would never have taken the trouble of writing a book herself, she would have been the heroine of many, and the delight of every lion hunter in London! Poor child! how miserably were her talents wasted in that same city of Madrid! Her early days were spent in tormenting her aunt, and her aunt's favorite dogs, cats, rabbits, parrots. Nothing came amiss to her. She had a universal genius for mischief! She laid nettle-rods in the bed of the old housekeeper, who had been her mother's duenna! She wrote her themes the wrong way, and made up her sums at the top, instead of the bottom! To crown all, it was whispered that she had actually caricatured her father confessor!

When Luisa entered her fifteenth year, she combined, the romping playfulness of a spoiled child with the matured coquetry of the Spanish woman. The expression of her face was perfectly miraculous—it was already the envy of all the ladies, young and old, of her acquaintance. Whenever she accompanied her aunt to the Prado, she heard whispers innumerable on the score of her beauty. Her small and exquisite feet were the talk of Madrid; her large, full, Arabian eyes had been the subjects of enamored verses; and yet, strange to say, the young beauty was dissatisfied—not with the quantity but with the quality of her admirers.

Time passed on, and, having fully entered her summer solstice—having completed her seventeenth year, Luisa Valasquez was declared not only the most beautiful, but the greatest coquette in Madrid,—a most extraordinary pre-eminence, where all women, married and single, are coquettes, the married having the benefit of experience!

"Pichoncita!" exclaimed her aunt one afternoon, on waking from her siesta; "Pichoncita! I wish you would make up your mind and marry. Vaya! times are changed since I was young! Then maidens were obliged to wed at their father's pleasure; but now—vaya! vaya!—you are only told to choose! Ah! you must make speedy choice, for I am tortured by your admirers!"

"So am not I," replied the mischievous girl; "I should positively die, if it were not for those amusing men. Did you observe the venerable Don Alberto kneeling for the fan I dropped last night at the Tertulia? Was it not delicious to see how he puffed and sidled?"

"Ah! wicked one; but you might drop fans all the same if you were married."

"Yes; and have the great green eyes of a husband glaring on me."

"Chica! but why marry a man with green eyes. What think you of Don Fernando; is not he a proper man?"

Marvellously so—in his own opinion. Marry, dear aunt! why, if I married him he would disfigure all the mirrors in my house."

"You have given great encouragement to the Italian Signor Ludivico."

"Nay, dear aunt—only conversation. He liked to hear me talk, and I like talking."

"On the last Dia de reyes, you know, cunning one, you managed to be drawn with Don Bartolo. I faith, that would be a match!—Vaya! that would please your father!"

"Eh! but not me. It was only to vex that ugly Dolores who sets up for a wit. Oh! the dear delight of plaguing both the one sex and the other, and feeling so independent, that you know it is impossible for them to return the compliment!"

"Luisa!" said the aunt, looking steadfastly at her niece; "if you go on at this rate, you will never get a husband, you are already talked of as a jilt all over Madrid." (The young lady sneered.) "Remember, I tell you so—I, who know the world."

"You must know very little of the world, then dear aunt," she replied in a conspirito sort of voice, to tell me any such thing." As she spoke, she presented to her venerable relative a paper full of sugar plums,—a gift which she knew to be irresistible.

"Vaya!" replied the dame, picking out the largest: "Vaya! your beauty will fade."

"In time, I dare say," replied the saucy girl: "when I arrive at fifty-eight, I shall be as old and as wrinkled as—as—" She fixed her beautiful eyes upon her aunt, who returned a glance by no means amiable.

"How now, minx," she exclaimed; this to my face! I shall not be fifty-eight these four years!"

"You, dearest aunt! you! Oh! who supposed I could mean you!" she said, kissing her hand; "I was thinking of Senora Veronica Guzman."

"She!" screamed the old lady: "she is sixty-eight—not fifty-eight! Chica! how could you be so blind! Then, dearest, you let every one see how you witty are. When I was young, I knew better—I always kept my cleverness to myself."

"Did it give you trouble, aunt?" inquired the undutiful pupil, in rather an undertone of voice, while an expression of extreme archness lit up her animated face.

"What say you?" asked her relative, whose hearing was not particularly acute; indeed, she had over-worked the five senses in the days of her youth, and the consequence was, they had become wearied of labor. "What say you?"

"That concealing your cleverness must have been a hard task," replied the young lady, meekly, yet distinctly.

"Ah! ah! so it was—so it was—but I did it—I did it. I have laughed for hours behind my fan, while others were—what think you, pichoncita?"

"Laughing at you?"

"You have said it—you have said it," croaked the old Spaniard, rising from her chair. "Ah! my dear, you have all your poor aunt's wit, but not her discretion—few women have. I could tell you such secrets, but not till you are married, Luisa—must never tell secrets to those who have not secrets to return. I pray you, sweet one, think of what I have said—think of your beauty—keep in your wit—and make a proper choice. But I must go. Ah! the privileges of marriage are worth the penalty, even if the husband had green eyes! Green eyes! oh, the funny one! you do break my heart—you do, chica, and yet I love you, you are so like what I was—except the discretion." Twice she repeated, "except the discretion," tapping with her huge fan the rich cheeks of her niece, and then quitted the room.

"Privileges of marriage worth the penalty!"

murmured Luisa, throwing herself into her aunt's chair. "Make a proper choice!" she continued; "Senora Catalina, you little know how far my choice would be from what you term 'proper!' It is exceedingly provoking," she continued, after a long pause, during which she picked a rose most industriously to pieces, "but I cannot put him out of my head; it is not his beauty! Oh no! he is not handsome—yet how bright are his eyes! But what are they to me? perhaps he does not care for me. Pepita, that little modest fool, who has not three ideas—three dances did he dance with her! Not care for me!" she repeated, rising from her chair indignantly, and stamping her little foot upon the ground,—"not care for me!" Her eyes glanced toward an opposite mirror; she laughed, and triumphantly resumed her seat.

When she again spoke, her mood was changed. "Those family feuds are deadly things," she said; "my father and aunt both abhor his name; I can conquer that. I heard him say he loved a steady heart. Well, mine I never felt before, so it may well be steady; but then the foolish name I have, and, save me! earned the title of a jilt. Well, before heaven I swear, if Don Lorenzo really loves, I will become a very English wife to him; and—hist!—I hear his step upon the garden grass."

She was right; Lorenzo entered by the gaudy window which opened to the lawn, and, kneeling at her feet, kissed the small hand she held toward him.

"I have brought you," he said, and, with less of Spanish compliment than was usual when a cavalier addressed a lady, "a dog—a grayhound, just arrived from Italy; I trust its fidelity will typify my own."

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Luisa, pressing the fragile creature to her bosom.

"And, moreover, Lady—," his speech was interrupted by Catalina's shrill voice, squalling and croaking alternately, apparently in anger, close at the door: the lovers started. "You must not be seen! you know the ancient feud—the old cabal; here, here, behind this curtain—in the recess!" exclaimed Luisa. There was no time for parley—in an instant the cavalier had disappeared, and the young Senora was playing with the pretty hound. The old lady was evidently enraged! She entered—an open letter in one hand, and her fan in the other, creating a whirlwind: in her eagerness to resume her seat, she stumbled over the dog.

"Eh! what brute is that—that is not Pompo; where did it come from?"

"Come from?" repeated Luisa, confusedly; "Come from?"

"Ay, come from, niece?" said the old lady, "I suppose I speak plain."

"Yes, dear aunt; you said 'come from;' did you not?"

"To be sure I did; where did that dog come from?"

"From the garden, dear aunt."

"Eagh!" growled the old lady, "stand here, if you please, Senora, and listen." Luisa annoyed, yet in some degree amused by her aunt's petulance, leaned her cheek within her hand, and half turned away her face to hide the smile that

played upon her features: her lover, meantime, seeing Catalina safely seated, stole from his ambush, and cautiously advanced on the other side, half playfully, half seriously, desiring to hear the contents of the ominous looking letter, which the old lady held firmly in her hand, while she moved the uplifted forefinger of the other in reproach to her niece; the grayhound bounded forward to meet its master, and the silken riband was hardly sufficient to restrain its joy; but the Donna was too full of her subject to heed the movement. Alas! the smile of Donna Luisa's lips was doomed to be of short duration. She expected a reprimand, on the score of certain long bills contracted to a celebrated modiste! but what did she see,—what hear?

"That ever I should live to see the day! you will be the talk of Madrid!"

"That will be nothing new," replied the beauty.

"Silence! you are bringing disgrace upon one of the oldest families in Spain!" The young lady drew herself up with all imaginable dignity.

"Is it not true that you accepted subscription tickets from Don Bartolo for the balls at St. Bernards, Santa Catalina, and for the Theatre del Principe?"

Luisa started; but replied, "Perhaps I did."

"And that you also condescended to accept tickets for the self-same places from Don Fernando; thus leading each to suppose you appeared with his admissions?"

"My dearest aunt!" exclaimed the young lady, trembling from head to foot.

"Answer! did you not turn these men into ridicule; nay, did you not even bestow upon Don Fernando a lock of your hair, and upon Don Bartolo an embroidered handkerchief?—gifts which they have returned with this letter."

"What!" exclaimed Luisa, "returned my gifts! Oh, aunt, aunt—on my honor—on my life! they were but in pastime."

"Listen, foolish child; they have boasted of these favors at a common gaming-table; there are no such other tresses in the city of Madrid, yet Don Fernando drew one from his bosom, and trampled it under his feet: your kerchief was marked with your name, Don Bartolo tossed it round the room; and then—here is the letter!—that ever such disgrace should come to a Valaquez! Read! but the tears are falling from your eyes: I will read it to you."

"Don Fernando kisses the liberal hands of Donna Luisa; Don Bartolo does the same: her gifts are returned, that she may be generous to others."

"Oh, wretched child!" continued the old lady; "what think you of these men?"

"Caitiffs and cowards are they!" exclaimed Lorenzo, rushing from his hiding-place: "Donna Catalina, forgive me; I came here to lay a true heart at the feet of that lady: I am, as you know, a Castilian of high and rigid honor; between our houses there has been a feud long and deadly; I will wash it out,—not as I hoped,—but with the blood of those who could betray a woman's confidence."

"Lorenzo!" said Luisa, "you meant a woman's folly?"

"I should be deemed wanting in gallantry," he

replied, bitterly, "if I said the terms were synonymous." A few moments he struggled with his emotions; and then, taking her hand affectionately, he continued, "Luisa, God has given you no brother; but the saints have. Your father is too old; let him not know of this! Yet you shall be avenged. Sister—adios!" he pressed both her hands to his lips and bosom; but the word Sister rung upon her heart: it was the deathknell of her hopes.

The next morning Madrid was filled with the talk of Lorenzo's honor, and Lorenzo's bravery; he had fought two duels; and in the last (so the rumor ran) was wounded mortally. It was a nine day's wonder: nay, it was spoken for a month.

I saw him last in Paris, and thought him handsomer than ever, though he was pale and thin; but one word more—he is not married!

## THE SOUL IN PURGATORY;

OR, LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

BY E. L. BULWER.

THE angels strung their harps in heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odors to the pavilions of the Most High. But the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of Heaven, they see one Unsleeping Eye watching forever over creation) was heard, saying:

"Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered—

"There are in that place which men call Purgatory and which is the escape from Hell, but the painful Porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee; and yet are punished justly for their sins: grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their sufferings by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!

And the voice answered—

"Thy prayer is heard, oh gentlest of the angels; and it seems good to Him who chastises but from love. Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praises of God, and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, he flew to that melancholy orb which, nearest to the Earth, echoes with the shrieks of souls, that by torture become pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright court they are hereafter to obtain, and the harps of glorious beings, who, fresh from the Fountains of Immortality, walk amid the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow; and this thought consoles amid their torments, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock, and struck a divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demon ceased to torture, and the victim to wail. As sleep to the mourner of earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the pu-

rifying star, one only voice amid the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry—

"Oh, Adenheim—Adenheim! mourn not for the lost!"

The angel struck chord after chord, till his most skillful melodies, were exhausted, but still the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out—

"Oh, Adenheim—Adenheim! mourn not for the lost!"

Then Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by. And Seralim said to the demons, "Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said, in a voice which stilled her cry—for in what state do we outlive sympathy? "Wherefore, oh daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why doth the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions, fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh! radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who, on earth, loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she thus justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all the demons can inflict.

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for him," replied the spirit, simply.

The Divine nature of the angel was touched; for love is the nature of the sons of Heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like and impalpable arms, and cried:

"Give me—oh, give me to return to Earth but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his eyes, for angels may not weep in the sight of others, "I could, indeed, grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty. For the souls in Purgatory may return to Earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth, thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!"

"Is that all?" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah, surely they love not in heaven, or thou wouldst know, oh Celestial Visitant, that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand thousand and ages of torture to ourselves!—Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim; no matter what becomes of me."

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern the rays that parted from the all-guarding Eye; and heard the Voice of the Eternal One, bidding him act as his pity whispered.

He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly toward him: he uttered the word that looses the bars of the gate of Purgatory; and lo, the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the Lord of Adenheim; and he sat at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh, and merry the jest that echoed round; and the laugh and the jest of the Lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all.

And by his right side sat a beautiful lady: and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And oh," said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what lady can believe; didst thou not utter the same oaths and promise the same love to Ida, the fair daughter of Loden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my halidom," quoth the young Lord of Adenheim, "thou dost thy beauty marvelous injustice.—Ida! Nay, thou mockest me; I love the daughter of Loden! why, how then should I be worthy thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles—behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment the Lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him; he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away, and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to Purgatory.

"Bid the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas," answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on earth, there seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of Purgatory!"

"What! is the story ended?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes."

"Nay, surely the thousand years were not added to poor Ida's doom; and Seralim bore her back with him to heaven?"

"The legend saith no more. The writer was contented to show us the perpetuity of a woman's love—"

"And its reward," added Vain.

"It was not I who drew that last conclusion, Albert," whispered Gertrude.

#### THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

**THIS WEEK'S PLATE.**—The subject of the plate which we have had engraved for the present number of the Rover, is the "Bamboo Aqueduct at Hong-Kong." The barren rock which lends shelter and ornament to the landscape, is made

still further useful as the pillar for sustaining this simple aqueduct, by which water is conveyed across the gorge, and employed in the irrigation of a distant arid plain, which otherwise would have been doomed to eternal sterility. This work of art is an example of the perseverance which characterizes Chinese industry, and the accustomed tact and aptitude with which it employs the most slender means, and appropriates the most unaccommodating materials.

There is scarcely a purpose for which the Chinese have not appropriated the bamboo. From it they manufacture paper, baskets, boxes, boats, life-preservers, and frame-work of all kinds; it is employed for masts, poles, sails, rigging and caulking; it embellishes the garden of the prince, and covers the cottage of the poor. Almost every article of furniture is made from the bamboo; in Java their bridges are built of it, and by the friction of two pieces the servants obtain light or fire at early dawn in almost every house in China.

Our book notices are deferred until next week.

#### CHANGING OUR NAME.

At the conclusion of the present volume, which will end on the 13th September, we shall drop the name of the ROVER, and adopt that of the

#### NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.....SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.....NUMBER I.

The following are among some of the reasons which have moved us to this course:

1st. Because of the unpopularity of its present name, injurious to its character as an elegant magazine of polite literature, which has kept many persons from patronizing it, thinking, by our title, that we were "no better than we should be."

2d. As we have such constant calls for back numbers and complete sets of the previous volumes, that we have a desire to commence a new series in order that our patrons may have an opportunity to possess themselves of an entire work, beginning with the first number of a new volume.

3d. Because we wish to make many improvements in the department of illustrations, and in the editorial management of its pages—to superintend the former, we have secured the services of one of the first artists of the country, and to the latter we shall devote our entire time and energies, which heretofore we have been unable to do, from a pressure of other and arduous duties.

We shall publish it weekly, as at present, and each number will contain besides, other elegant illustrations woven into the letter press.

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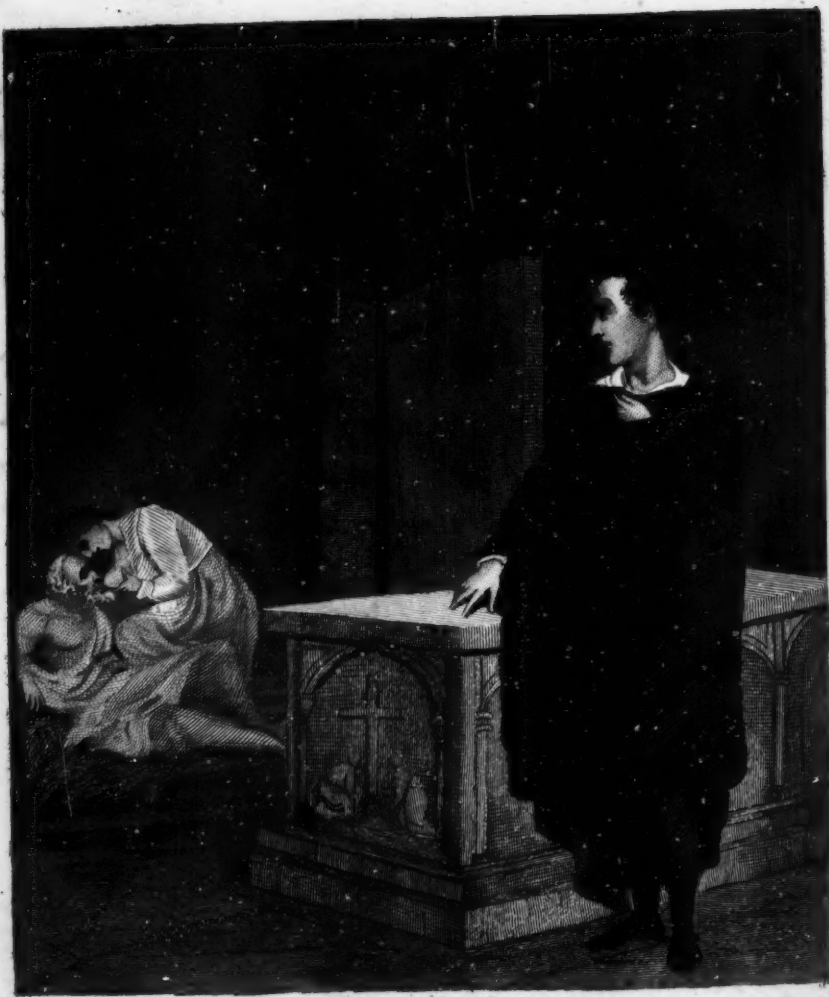
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